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AS

TOLD BY GAMMER GRETHEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE COLLECTION OF MM. GRIMM,

By EDGAR TAYLOR.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DESIGNS

By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK AND LUDWIG GRIMM.

LONDON:

H. G. BOHN, 4 YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1863.

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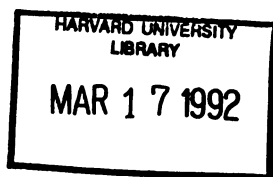
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THE PRESENTS OF THE LITTLE FOLK.

TAILOR and a Goldsmith were once wandering in company, and one evening, when the sun had sunk behind the hills, they heard the sound of distant music, which became clearer and clearer. The tones were uncommon, but so inspiriting, that, forgetting their weariness, the two walked on. The moon had risen, when they arrived at a hillock on which they perceived a number of little Men and Women, who had joined hands, and were whirling round in a dance with great spirit and delight, and singing thereto in the sweetest manner possible, and so making the music which the travellers had heard. In the middle sat an Old Man, taller than the others, who wore a party-colored coat and an iron-gray beard, so long that it reached down to his waist. The two stopped, full of wonder, and looked on at the

dancers, when the Old Man beckoned to them to join in, while the circle opened readily to receive them. The Goldsmith, who was deformed, and like all other hunchbacks quick enough, stepped in; but the Tailor, feeling shy at first, held back, till, seeing how merry the circle was, he took heart and joined in too. The circle closed again directly, and the Little Folk began to sing and dance in the wildest manner, while the Old Man, taking a broad-bladed knife which hung at his girdle, sharpened it, and when it was fit, looked round at the strangers. They became frightened, but they had no time to consider; for the Old Man, seizing the Goldsmith, and then the Tailor, shaved off both their beards and hair with the greatest despatch. Their terror, however, disappeared when the Old Man, having completed his work, tapped them both on the shoulder in a friendly manner, as much as to say, they had acted well in having endured his sport without resistance. Then he pointed with his finger towards a heap of coals which stood on one side, and showed them, by signs, that they should fill their pockets with them.

Both obeyed, though neither of them could see of what service the coals would be to them; and then they journeyed in quest of a night's lodging. Just as they came to the next valley, the clock of a neighboring church struck twelve, and at the same moment the singing ceased, all disappeared, and the hill lay solitary in the moonshine.

The two wanderers found a shelter, and making a straw couch, each of them covered himself with his coat, but forgot, through weariness, to take the coals out of their pockets. A heavy weight pressed upon their limbs more than usual, and when they awoke in the morning and emptied their pockets, they could not trust their eyes when they saw that they were not filled with coals, but pure gold. Their hair and beard, too, had also grown during the night to their original length. They were now become quite rich, but the Goldsmith was half as rich again as the Tailor, because, impelled by his covetous nature, he had filled his pockets much fuller.

Now a miserly man, the more he possesses, desires yet an increase; and so it happened that the


Goldsmith, after the lapse of a day or two, made a proposition to the Tailor to go and obtain more gold from the Old Man of the Mountain. The Tailor refused; saying, "I have enough, and am satisfied: now I am become a master tradesman, and I will marry my object (as he called his sweetheart), and be a happy man." However, he stopped behind a day, in order to please his comrade. In the evening, the Goldsmith slung across his shoulder a couple of bags, that he might be well furnished, and then set out on his road to the hillock. He found the Little Folk singing and dancing, as on the previous night; and the Old Man, looking at him with a smile, treated him the same as before, and pointed to the heap of coals afterwards. The Goldsmith delayed no longer than was necessary to fill his pockets, and then returned home in high glee, and went to sleep, covered with his coat. "Although the gold does weigh heavily," said he to himself, "I will bear it patiently"; and so he went to sleep with the sweet belief of awaking in the morning a very wealthy man. Judge, therefore, what was his astonishment, when, on awaking and arising,

he searched in his pockets, and drew out only black coals, and nothing besides. He consoled himself, however, for his disappointment, by reflecting that he still possessed the gold which he had taken on the previous night, but what was not his rage when he discovered that that also was become coal again; he beat his forehead with his coal-begrimed hands, and then found out that his whole head was bald and smooth as his chin! His mishaps were not yet ended; for he perceived that during the night, a similar hump to that on his back had made its appearance on his breast. He began to weep bitterly at this sight, for he recognized in it the punishment of his covetousness. The good Tailor, who then awoke, comforted the unhappy man as much as he could, and told him that since he had been his companion during his travels, he would share his treasure and remain with him.

The Tailor kept his word; but the poor Goldsmith had to carry all his lifetime two humps, and to cover his bald head with a wig.

THE LITTLE ELVES.

FIRST STORY.

 HERE was once a Shoemaker, who, from no fault of his own, had become so poor that at last he had nothing left, but just sufficient leather for one pair of shoes. In the evening he cut out the leather, intending to make it up in the morning; and, as he had a good conscience, he lay quietly down to sleep, first commending himself to God. In the morning he said his prayers, and then sat down to work; but, behold, the pair of shoes were already made, and there they stood upon his board. The poor man was amazed, and knew not what to think; but he took the shoes into his hand to look at them more closely, and they were so neatly worked, that not a stitch was wrong; just as if they had been made for a prize. Presently a customer came in; and as the shoes pleased him very much, he paid down



more than was usual ; and so much that the Shoemaker was able to buy with it leather for two pairs. By the evening he had got his leather shaped out ; and when he arose the next morning, he prepared to work with fresh spirit ; but there was no need, — for the shoes stood all perfect on his board. He did not want either for customers ; for two came who paid him so liberally for the shoes, that he bought with the money material for four pairs more. These also — when he awoke — he found all ready-made, and so it continued ; what he cut out overnight was, in the morning, turned into the neatest shoes possible. This went on until he had regained his former appearance, and was even becoming a prosperous man.

One evening — not long before Christmas — as he had cut out the usual quantity, he said to his wife before going to bed, “What say you to stopping up this night, to see who it is that helps us so kindly ?” His wife was satisfied, and fastened up a light ; and then they hid themselves in the corner of the room, where hung some clothes which concealed them. As soon as it was mid-

night in came two little mannikins, who squatted down on the board; and, taking up the prepared work, set to with their little fingers, stitching and sewing, and hammering so swiftly and lightly, that the Shoemaker could not take his eyes off them for astonishment. They did not cease until all was brought to an end, and the shoes stood ready on the table; and then they sprang quickly away.

The following morning the wife said, "The little men have made us rich, and we must show our gratitude to them; for although they run about they must be cold, for they have nothing on their bodies. I will make a little shirt, coat, waistcoat, trousers, and stockings for each, and do you make a pair of shoes for each."

The husband assented; and one evening, when all was ready, they laid presents, instead of the usual work, on the board, and hid themselves to see the result.

At midnight in came the Elves, jumping about, and soon prepared to work; but when they saw no leather, but the natty little clothes, they at first were astonished, but soon showed their rapturous glee. They drew on their coats, and smoothing them down, sang, —

"Smart and natty boys are we;
Cobblers we'll no longer be";

and so they went on hopping and jumping over the stools and chairs, and at last out at the door. After that evening they did not come again; but the Shoemaker prospered in all he undertook, and lived happily to the end of his days.

SECOND STORY.

ONCE upon a time there was a poor servant girl, who was both industrious and cleanly, for every day she dusted the house and shook out the sweepings on a great heap before the door. One morning, just as she was going to throw them away, she saw a letter lying among them, and, as she could not read, she put her broom by in a corner, and took it to her master. It contained an invitation from the Elves, asking the girl to stand godmother to one of their children. The girl did not know what to do, but at last, after much consideration, she consented, for the little men will not easily take a refusal. So there came three Elves, who conducted her to

a hollow mountain where they lived. Everything was very small of course, but all more neat and elegant than I can tell you. The mother lay in a bed of ebony studded with pearls, and the coverings were all wrought with gold; the cradle was made of ivory, and the bath was of gold. The girl stood godmother, and afterwards wished to return home, but the little Elves pressed her earnestly to stay three days longer. So she remained, passing the time in pleasure and play, for the Elves behaved very kindly to her. At the end of the time she prepared to return home, but first they filled her pockets full of gold, and then led her out of the hill. As soon as she reached the house, she took the broom, which still stood in the corner, and went on with her sweeping; and presently out of the house came some strange people, who asked her who she was, and what she was doing there. Then she found out that it was not three days, as she had supposed, but seven years, that she had passed with the little Elves in the hill, and that her former master had died in her absence.


THIRD STORY.

THE little Elves once stole a child out of its cradle, and put in its place a changeling, with a clumsy head and red eyes, who would neither eat nor drink. The mother, in great trouble, went to a neighbor to ask her advice, and she advised her to carry the changeling into the kitchen, set it on the hearth, and boil water in two egg-shells. If the changeling was made to laugh, then its fate was sealed. The woman did all the neighbor said; and as she set the egg-shells over the fire the creature sang out,—

“Though I am as old as the oldest tree,
Cooking in an egg-shell never did I see.”

And then it burst into a horse-laugh. While it was laughing, a number of little Elves entered, bringing the real child, whom they placed on the hearth, and then took away the changeling with them.

THE ALMOND-TREE.

ONG, long ago, perhaps two thousand years, there was a rich man who had a beautiful and pious wife; and they were very fond of one another, but had no children. Still they wished for some very much, and the wife prayed for them day and night; still they had none.

Before their house was a yard; in it stood an almond-tree, under which the woman stood once in the winter peeling an apple; and as she peeled the apple she cut her finger, and the blood dropped on to the snow. "Ah," said the woman, with a deep sigh, and she looked at the blood before her, and was very sad; "had I but a child as red as blood and as white as snow!" and as she said that, her heart grew light; and it seemed to her as if something would come of her wish. Then she went into the house; and a month passed, the snow disappeared; and two months,

then all was green ; and three months, then came the flowers out of the ground ; and four months, then all the trees in the wood squeezed up against one another, and the green boughs all grew twisted together, and the little birds sang, so that the whole wood resounded, and the blossoms fell from the trees. When the fifth month had gone, and she stood under the almond-tree, it smelt so sweet, that her heart leaped for joy, and she could not help falling down on her knees ; and when the sixth month had passed, the fruits were large, and she felt very happy ; at the end of the seventh month, she snatched the almonds and ate them so greedily, that she was dreadfully ill ; then the eighth month passed away, and she called her husband and cried, and said, " If I die, bury me under the almond-tree " ; then she was quite easy, and was glad, till the next month was gone ; then she had a child as white as snow, and as red as blood ; and when she saw it, she was so delighted that she died.

Then her husband buried her under the almond-tree and began to grieve most violently : a little time and he was easier ; and when he had

sorrowed a little longer he left off; and a little time longer and he took another wife.

With the second wife he had a daughter; but the child by the first wife was a little son, and was as red as blood and as white as snow. When the woman looked at her daughter, she loved her so much; but then she looked at the little boy, and it seemed to go right through her heart; and it seemed as if he always stood in her way, and then she was always thinking how she could get all the fortune for her daughter; and it was the Evil One who suggested it to her, so that she couldn't bear the sight of the little boy, and poked him about from one corner to another, and buf-feted him here, and cuffed him there, so that the poor child was always in fear; and when he came from school he had no peace.

Once the woman had gone into the store-room, and the little daughter came up and said, "Mother, give me an apple." "Yes, my child," said the woman, and gave her a beautiful apple out of the box: the box had a great heavy lid, with a great, sharp, iron lock. "Mother," said the little daughter, "shall not brother have one

too?" That annoyed the woman; but she said, "Yes, when he comes from school." And as she saw out of the window that he was coming, it was just as if the Evil One came over her, and she snatched the apple away from her daughter again, and said, "You shall not have one before your brother!" She threw the apple into the box and shut it. Then the little boy came in at the door; and the Evil One made her say, in a friendly manner, "My son, will you have an apple?" and she looked at him wickedly. "Mother," said the little boy, "how horribly you look! yes, give me an apple." Then she thought she must pacify him. "Come with me," she said, and opened the lid; "reach out an apple"; and as the little boy bent into the box, the Evil One whispered to her—bang! she slammed the lid to, so that his head flew off and fell amongst the red apples. Then in the fright she thought, "Could I get that off my mind! Then she went up into her room to the chest of drawers, and got out a white cloth from the top drawer, and she set the head on the throat again and tied the handkerchief round, so that

nothing could be seen ; and placed him outside the door on a chair, and gave him the apple in his hand. After a while little Marline came in the kitchen to her mother, who stood by the fire and had a kettle with hot water before her, which she kept stirring round. "Mother," said little Marline, "brother is sitting outside the door, and looks quite white, and has got an apple in his hand, I asked him to give me the apple, but he didn't answer me ; then I was quite frightened." "Go again," said the mother, "and if he will not answer you, give him a box on the ear." Then Marline went to her brother, and said, "Give me the apple" ; but he was silent. Then she gave him a box on the ear, and the head tumbled off, at which she was frightened, and began to cry and sob. Then she ran to her mother, and said, "O, mother, I have knocked my brother's head off !" and she cried and cried, and would not be pacified. "Marline, said the mother, "what have you done ? But be quiet, so that nobody may notice it ; it can't be helped now ; we'll bury him under the almond-tree."

Then the mother took the little boy and put him into a box, and put it under the almond-tree; but little Marline stood by, and cried and cried, and the tears all fell into the box.

Soon the father came home and sat down to table, and said, "Where is my son?" Then the mother brought in a great big dish of stew; and little Marline cried, and could not leave off. Then said the father again, "Where is my son?" "O," said the mother, "he has gone across the country to Mütten; he is going to stop there a bit!"

"What is he doing there? and why did he not say good by to me?" "O, he wanted to go, and asked me if he might stop there six weeks; he will be taken care of there!" "Ah," said the man, "I feel very sorry; that was not right; he ought to have wished me good by." With that he began to eat, and said to Marline, "What are you crying for? your brother will soon come back." "O wife," said he then, "how delicious this tastes; give me some more!" And he ate till all the broth was done.

Little Marline went to her box and took from

the bottom drawer her best silk handkerchief, and carried it outside the door, and cried bitter tears. Then she laid herself under the almond-tree on the green grass; and when she had laid herself there, all at once she felt quite light and happy, and cried no more. Then the almond-tree began to move, and the boughs spread out quite wide, and then went back again; just as when one is very much pleased and claps with the hands. At the same time a sort of mist rose from the tree; in the middle of the mist it burned like a fire; and out of the fire there flew a beautiful bird that sang very sweetly, and flew high up in the air: and when it had flown away, the almond-tree was as it had been before. The little Marline was as light and happy as if her brother were alive still, and went into the house to dinner.

The bird flew away and perched upon a Goldsmith's house, and began to sing,—

“My mother killed me;

My father grieved for me;

My sister, little Marline,

Wept under the almond-tree:

Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!”

The Goldsmith sat in his workshop and was making a gold chain when he heard the bird that sat upon his roof and sang, and it seemed to him so beautiful. Then he got up, and as he stepped over the sill of the door he lost one of his slippers: but he went straight up the middle of the street with one slipper and one sock on. He had his leather apron on, and in the one hand he had the gold chain, and in the other the pincers, and the sun shone brightly up the street. He went and stood and looked at the bird. "Bird," said he then, "how beautifully you can sing! Sing me that song again." "Nay," said the bird, "I don't sing twice for nothing. Give me the gold chain and I will sing it you again." "There," said the Goldsmith, "take the gold chain; now sing me that again." Then the bird came and took the gold chain in the right claw, and sat before the Goldsmith, and sang,—

"My mother killed me;
My father grieved for me;
My sister, little Marline,
Wept under the almond-tree;
Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

Then the bird flew off to a Shoemaker, and perched upon the roof of his house, and sang, —

“My mother killed me;
My father grieved for me;
My sister, little Marline,
Wept under the almond-tree:

Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!”

The Shoemaker heard it, and ran outside the door in his shirt-sleeves and looked up at the roof, and was obliged to hold his hand before his eyes to prevent the sun from blinding him. “Bird,” said he, “how beautifully you can sing!” Then he called in at the door, “Wife, come out, here’s a bird; look at the bird; he just can sing beautifully.” Then he called his daughter, and children, and apprentices, servant-boy, and maid; and they all came up the street and looked at the bird: oh, how beautiful he was, and he had such red and green feathers, and round about the throat was all like gold, and the eyes sparkled in his head like stars! “Bird,” said the Shoemaker, “now sing me that piece again.” “Nay,” said the bird, “I don’t sing twice for nothing; you must make me a present of something.” “Wife,” said the man, “go into the shop; on the top

shelf there stands a pair of red shoes, fetch them down." The wife went and fetched the shoes. "There, bird," said the man; "now sing me that song again." Then the bird came and took the shoes in the left claw, and flew up on to the roof again, and sang, —

"My mother killed me;
My father grieved for me;
My sister, little Marline,
Wept under the almond-tree:
Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

And when he had done singing he flew away. The chain he had in the right claw, and the shoes in the left claw; and he flew far away to a mill; and the mill went clipp-clapp, clipp-clapp, clipp-clapp. And in the mill there sat twenty miller's men; they were shaping a stone, and chipped away, hick-hack, hick-hack, hick-hack; and the mill went clipp-clapp, clipp-clapp, clipp-clapp. Then the bird flew and sat on a lime-tree that stood before the mill, and sang, —

"My mother killed me";

then one left off;

"My father grieved for me";

then two more left off and heard it;

“My sister,”

then again four left off;

“little Marline,”

now there were only eight chipping away;

“Wept under”

now only five;

“the almond-tree”:

now only one:

“Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!”

Then the last left off, when he heard the last word. “Bird,” said he, “how beautifully you sing! let me, too, hear that; sing me that again.” “Nay,” said the bird, “I don’t sing twice for nothing. Give me the millstone and I will sing it again.” “Ay,” said he, “if it belonged to me alone, you should have it.” “Yes,” said the others, “if he sings again he shall have it.” Then the bird came down, and all the twenty millers caught hold of a pole, and raised the stone up, hu, uh, upp! hu, uh, upp! And the bird stuck his head through the hole, and took it round his neck like a collar, and flew back to the tree, and sang, —

“My mother killed me ;
My father grieved for me ;
My sister, little Marline,
Wept under the almond-tree :

Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I !”

And when he had done singing he spread his wings, and had in his right claw the gold chain, in his left the shoes, and round his neck the millstone, and he flew far away to his father’s house.

In the room sat the father, the mother, and little Marline, at dinner ; and the father said, “O dear, how light and happy I feel !” “Nay,” said the mother, “I am all of a tremble, just as if there were going to be a heavy thunderstorm.” But little Marline sat and cried and cried, and the bird came flying, and as he perched on the roof the father said, “I feel so cheerful, and the sun shines so deliciously outside, it’s exactly as if I were going to see some old acquaintance again.” “Nay,” said the wife, “I am so frightened, my teeth chatter, and it’s like fire in my veins” ; and she tore open her stays ; but little Marline sat in a corner and cried, and held her plate before her eyes and cried it quite wet. Then the bird perched on the almond-tree, and sang, —

"My mother killed me."

Then the mother held her ears and shut her eyes, and would neither see nor hear; but it rumbled in her ears like the most terrible storm, and her eyes burned and twittered like lightning.

"My father grieved for me."

"O mother," said the man, "there is a beautiful bird that sings so splendidly; the sun shines so warm, and everything smells all like cinnamon!"

"My sister, little Marline."

Then Marline laid her head on her knees and cried away; but the man said, "I shall go out, I must see the bird close." "O, do not go," said the woman; "it seems as if the whole house shook and were on fire!" But the man went out and looked at the bird.

"Wept under the almond-tree :

Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

And the bird let the gold chain fall, and it fell just round the man's neck, and fitted beautifully. Then he went in and said, "See what an excellent bird it is; it has given me such a beautiful gold chain, and it looks so splendid." But the woman was so frightened that she fell her whole length

on the floor, and her cap tumbled off her head.
Then the bird sang again, —

“ My mother killed me.”

“ O that I were a thousand fathoms under the
earth, not to hear that ! ”

“ My father grieved for me.”

Then the woman fainted.

“ My sister, little Marline,”

“ Ah,” said Marline, “ I will go out too, and see
if the bird will give me something ! ” and she
went out. Then the bird threw the shoes down.

“ Wept under the almond-tree :

“ Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I ! ”


Then, she was so happy and lively, she put the
new red shoes on, and danced and jumped back
again. “ O,” said she, “ I was so dull when I
went out, and now I am so happy. That is a
splendid bird : he has given me a pair of red
shoes ! ”

“ Well,” said the woman, and jumped up, and
her hair stood on end like flames of fire, “ I feel
as if the world were coming to an end ; I will
go out too, and see if it will make me easier.”

And as she stepped outside the door — bang! the bird threw the millstone on to her head, so that she was completely overwhelmed. The father and little Marline heard it and went out. Then a smoke, and flames, and fire rose from the place, and when that had passed there stood the little brother; and he took his father and little Marline by the hand, and all three embraced one another heartily, and went into the house to dinner.



THE FOX'S BRUSH.

 LONG, long while ago there was a King who had, adjoining his palace, a fine pleasure-garden, in which stood a tree, which bore golden apples; and as soon as the apples were ripe they were counted, but the next day one was missing. This vexed the King very much, and he ordered that watch should be kept every night beneath the tree; and having three sons he sent the eldest, when evening set in, into the garden; but about midnight the youth fell into a deep sleep, and in the morning another apple was missing. The next night the second son had to watch, but he also fared no better; for about midnight he fell fast asleep, and another apple was wanting in the morning. The turn came now to the third son, who was eager to go; but the King hesitated for a long time, thinking he would be even less wakeful than his brothers, but at last he consented. The youth lay down under the tree and watched

steadily, without letting sleep be his master; and just as twelve o'clock struck, something rustled in the air, and, looking up, he saw a bird flying by, whose feathers were of bright gold. The bird lighted upon the tree, and had just picked off one of the apples, when the youth shot a bolt at it, which did not prevent its flying away, but one of its golden feathers dropped off. The youth took the feather up, and, showing it the next morning to the King, told him what he had seen during the night. Thereupon the King assembled his council, and every one declared that a single feather like this was worth a kingdom. "Well, then," said the King, "if this feather is so costly, I must and will have the whole bird, for one feather is of no use to me." The eldest son was now sent out on his travels, and, relying on his own prudence, he doubted not that he should find the Golden Bird. When he had walked about a mile, he saw sitting at the edge of a forest a Fox, at which he levelled his gun; but it cried out, "Do not shoot me, and I will give you a piece of good advice? You are now on the road to the Golden Bird, and this evening

you will come into a village where two inns stand opposite to each other : one will be brightly lit up and much merriment will be going on inside, but turn not in there ; enter rather into the other, though it seem a poor place to you."

The young man, however, thought to himself, "How can such a silly beast give me rational advice?" and, going nearer, he shot at the Fox ; but he missed, and the Fox ran away with its tail in the air. After this adventure he walked on, and towards evening he came to the village where stood the two public-houses, in one of which singing and dancing were going on ; while the other looked a very ill-conditioned house. "I should be a simpleton," said he to himself, "if I were to go into this dirty inn while that capital one stood opposite." So he entered the dancing-room, and there, living in feasting and rioting, he forgot the Golden Bird, his father, and all good manners.

As time passed by and the eldest son did not return home, the second son set out also on his travels to seek the Golden Bird. The Fox met him as it had his brother, and gave him good

counsel, which he did not follow. He likewise arrived at the two inns, and out of the window of the riotous house, his brother leaned, and invited him in. He could not resist, and entered, and lived there only to gratify his pleasures.

Again a long time elapsed with no news of either brother, and the youngest wished to go and try his luck; but his father would not consent. "It is useless," said he; "you are still less likely than your brothers to find the Golden Bird, and, if a misfortune should happen to you, you cannot help yourself, for you are not very quick." The King at last, however, was forced to consent, for he had no rest while he refused.

On the edge of the forest the Fox was again sitting, and again it offered in return for its life the same piece of good advice. The youth was good-hearted, and said, 'Be not afraid, little Fox; I will do you no harm.'

"You shall not repent of your goodness," replied the Fox; "but, that you may travel quicker, get up behind on my tail."

Scarcely had he seated himself when away they went, over hedges and ditches, up hill and

down hill, so fast that their hair whistled in the wind.

As soon as they arrived at the village the youth dismounted, and, following the advice he had received, turned, without looking round, into the mean-looking house, where he passed the night comfortably. The next morning, when he went into the fields, he found the Fox already there, who said, "I will tell you what further you must do. Go straight forwards, and you will come to a castle, before which a whole troop of soldiers will be sleeping and snoring; be not frightened at them, but go right through the middle of the troop into the castle, and through all the rooms, till you come into a chamber where a Golden Bird hangs in a wooden cage. Near by stands an empty golden cage for show, but take care you do not take the bird out of its ugly cage to place it in the golden one, or you will fare badly." With these words the Fox again stretched out its tail, and the King's son mounting as before, away they went over hill and valley, while their hair whistled in the wind from the pace they travelled at. When they arrived at the

castle the youth found everything as the Fox had said. He soon discovered the room where the Golden Bird sat in its wooden cage, and by it stood the golden one, and three golden apples were lying around. The youth thought it would be a pity to take the bird in such an ugly and dirty cage, and, opening the door, he put it in the splendid one. At the moment he did this, the bird set up a piercing shriek, which woke the soldiers, who started up and made him a prisoner. The next morning he was brought to trial, and when he confessed all he was condemned to death. Still the King said he would spare his life under one condition; namely, if he brought to him the Golden Horse, which travelled faster than the wind, and then for a reward he should also receive the Golden Bird.

The young Prince walked out, sighing and sorrowful, for where was he to find the Golden Horse? All at once he saw his old friend the Fox, who said, "There, you see what has happened, because you did not mind what I said. But be of good courage; I will protect you, and tell you where you may find the horse. You

must follow this road straight till you come to a castle: in the stable there this horse stands. Before the door a boy will lie fast asleep and snoring, so you must lead away the horse quietly; but there is one thing you must mind; put on his back the old saddle of wood and leather, and not the golden one which hangs close by, for if you do it will be very unlucky." So saying the Fox stretched out its tail, and again they went as fast as the wind. Everything was as the Fox had said, and the youth went into the stall where the Golden Horse was; but, as he was about to put on the dirty saddle, he thought it would be a shame if he did not put on such a fine animal the saddle which appeared to belong to him, and so he took up the golden saddle. Scarcely had it touched the back of the horse when it set up a loud neigh, which awoke the stable-boys, who put our hero into confinement. The next morning he was condemned to death; but the King promised to give him his life and the horse, if he would bring the Beautiful Daughter of the King of the Golden Castle.

With a heavy heart the youth set out, and by

great good fortune soon met the Fox. "I should have left you in your misfortune," it said; "but I felt compassion for you, and am willing once more to help you out of your trouble. Your road to the palace lies straight before you, and when you arrive there, about evening, wait till night, when the Princess goes to take a bath. As soon as she enters the bath-house, do you spring up and give her a kiss, and she will follow you wheresoever you will; only take care that she does not take leave of her parents first, or all will be lost."

With these words the Fox again stretched out its tail, and the King's son seating himself thereon, away they went over hill and valley like the wind. When they arrived at the Golden Palace, the youth found everything as the Fox had foretold, and he waited till midnight when everybody was in a deep sleep, and at that hour the beautiful Princess went to her bath, and he sprang up instantly and kissed her. The Princess said she was willing to go with him, but begged him earnestly, with tears in her eyes, to permit her first to take leave of her parents. At first

he withstood her prayers; but, when she wept still more, and even fell at his feet, he at last consented. Scarcely had the maiden stepped up to her father's bedside, when he awoke, and all the others who were asleep awakening too, the poor youth was captured and put in prison.

The next morning the King said to him, "Thy life is forfeited, and thou canst only find mercy if thou clearest away the mountain which lies before my window, and over which I cannot see; but thou must remove it within eight days. If thou accomplish this, then thou shalt have my daughter as a reward."

The King's son at once began digging and shovelling away; but when, after seven days, he saw how little was effected and that all his work went for nothing, he fell into great grief and gave up all hope. But on the evening of the seventh day the Fox appeared and said, "You do not deserve that I should notice you again, but go away and sleep while I work for you."

When he awoke the next morning, and looked out of the window, the hill had disappeared, and he hastened to the King full of joy, and told

him the conditions were fulfilled; and now, whether he liked it or not, the King was obliged to keep his word, and give up his daughter.

Away then went these two together, and no long time had passed before they met the faithful Fox. "You have the best certainly," said he, "but to the Maid of the Golden Castle belongs also the Golden Horse."

"How shall I obtain it?" inquired the youth.

"That I will tell you," answered the Fox; "first take to the King who sent you to the Golden Castle the beautiful Princess. Then there will be unheard-of joy, and they will readily show you the Golden Horse and give it to you. Do you mount it, and then give your hand to each for a parting shake, and last of all to the Princess, whom you must keep tight hold of, and pull her up behind you, and as soon as that is done ride off, and no one can pursue you, for the horse goes as fast as the wind." All this was happily accomplished, and the King's son led away the beautiful Princess in triumph on the Golden Horse. The Fox did not remain behind, and said to the prince, "Now

I will help you to the Golden Bird. When you come near the castle where it is, let the maiden get down, and I will take her into my cave. Then do you ride into the castle-yard, and at the sight of you there will be such joy that they will readily give you the bird; and as soon as you hold the cage in your hand ride back to us, and fetch again the maiden."

As soon as this deed was done, and the Prince had ridden back with his treasure, the Fox said, "Now you must reward me for my services."

"What do you desire?" asked the youth.

"When we come into yonder wood, shoot me dead, and cut off my head and feet."

"That were a curious gratitude," said the Prince; "I cannot possibly do that."

"If you will not do it, I must leave you," replied the Fox; "but before I depart I will give you one piece of counsel. Beware of these two points: buy no gallows-flesh, and sit not on the brink of a spring?" With these words it ran into the forest.

The young Prince thought, "Ah, that is a wonderful animal, with some curious fancies?"

Who would buy gallows-flesh? and I don't see the pleasure of sitting on the brink of a spring?" Onwards he rode with his beautiful companion, and by chance the way led him through the village where his two brothers had stopped. There he found a great uproar and lamentation; and when he asked the reason, he was told that two persons were about to be hanged. When he came nearer, he saw that they were his two brothers, who had done some villanous deeds, besides spending all their money. He inquired if they could not be freed, and was told by the people that he might buy them off if he would, but they were not worth his gold, and deserved nothing but hanging. Nevertheless, he did not hesitate, but paid down the money, and his two brothers were released.

After this they all four set out in company, and soon came to the forest where they had first met the Fox; and as it was cool and pleasant beneath the trees, for the sun was very hot, the two brothers said, "Come, let us rest awhile here by this spring, and eat and drink." The youngest consented, forgetting in the heat of conversation

the warning he had received, and feeling no anxiety; but all at once the brothers threw him backwards into the water, and taking the maiden, the horse, and the bird, went home to their father.

"We bring you," said they to him, "not only the Golden Bird, but also the Golden Horse and the Princess of the Golden Castle." At their arrival there was great joy; but the Horse would not eat, the Bird would not sing, and the Maiden would not speak, but wept bitterly from morning to night.


The youngest brother, however, was not dead. The spring, by great good luck, was dry, and he fell upon soft moss without any injury; but he could not get out again. Even in this necessity the faithful Fox did not leave him, but soon came up, and scolded him for not following its advice. "Still I cannot forsake you," it said; "but I will again help you to escape. Hold fast upon my tail, and I will draw you up to the top." When this was done, the Fox said, "You are not yet out of danger, for your brothers are not confident of your death, and have set spies all round the forest, who are to kill you if they should see you."

The youth thereupon changed clothes with a poor old man who was sitting near, and in that guise went to the King's palace. Nobody knew him; but instantly the Bird began to sing, the Horse began to eat, and the beautiful Maiden ceased weeping. Bewildered at this change, the King asked what it meant. "I know not," replied the Maiden; "but I who was sad am now gay, for I feel as if my true husband were returned." Then she told him all that had happened; although the other brothers had threatened her with death if she disclosed anything. The King summoned before him all the people who were in the castle, and among them came the poor youth, dressed as a beggar, in his rags; but the Maiden knew him, and fell upon his neck. The wicked brothers were seized and tried; but the youngest married the Princess, and succeeded to the King's inheritance.

But what happened to the poor Fox? Long after, the Prince went once again into the wood, and there met the Fox, who said, "You have now everything that you can desire, but to my mis-

fortunes there is no end, although it lies in your power to release me." And, with tears, it begged the Prince to cut off its head and feet. At last he did so; and scarcely was it accomplished when the Fox became a man, who was no other than the brother of the Princess, delivered at length from the charm which bound him. From that day nothing was ever wanting to the happiness of the Hero of the Golden Bird.

THE EVIL SPIRIT AND HIS GRAND-MOTHER.

 HERE was once upon a time a mighty war, and the King of a certain country had many Soldiers engaged in it; but he gave them such very small pay that they had scarce enough to live upon. At length three of the Soldiers agreed to run away, and one of them asked the others what they should do; for, supposing they were caught again, they would be hung upon the gallows. "Do you see yon great cornfield?" said the other, "there we will conceal ourselves, and nobody will find us; for the army will not dare to come there, and tomorrow they will march on." So they crept into the corn; but the army did not move, but remained encamped in the same place. The three Soldiers were obliged, therefore, to pass two days and two nights in the corn, and they became so hungry they thought they must die; but it was *certain* death if they returned to the

army. They said to one another, "What avails our deserting? we shall now certainly perish miserably from hunger." While they were talking a great fiery Dragon came flying over their heads, and, alighting near the spot where they were, asked why they had concealed themselves. "We are three Soldiers," they replied, "and have deserted because our pay was so small; and now we shall die from hunger if we stay here, or be hung on the gallows if we return."

"If you will serve me seven years," said the Dragon, "I will carry you through the midst of the army, so that no one shall observe you."

"We have no choice, and so must consent to your proposal," replied the Soldiers. The Dragon thereupon caught them up by his claws, and carried them through the air, over the heads of their comrades, and presently set them down. Now, this Dragon was the Evil Spirit; and he gave the Soldiers a whip each, and then said, "If you crack this well, as much money as you require will instantly appear before you; and you can then live like lords, keep your own horses and carriages; but at the end of seven years you will

be mine." With these words he handed them a book in which they had to write their names, while the Evil Spirit told them he would give them one chance when the time was up of escaping his power by answering a riddle which he would propose. Then the Dragon flew away from them; and the three Soldiers each cracked their whips, and cracked their whips for as much money as they required, with which they bought fine clothes, and travelled about like gentlemen. Wherever they went they lived in the greatest splendor, driving and riding about, and eating and drinking to their hearts' content; but no bad action could be laid to their charge. The time passed quickly by; and as the end of the seven years approached, two of the three Soldiers became very unhappy and dispirited; but the third treated the matter very lightly, saying, "Fear nothing, my brothers! I have got a plan in my head, and I will solve the riddle." Soon afterwards they went into the fields, where they sat down, and two of them made very wry faces. Presently an old Woman came by, and asked them why they were so sorrowful. "Alas!" said they, "alas! what

does it signify? you cannot help us." "Who knows that?" she replied; "confide your griefs to me." So they told her they had become the servants of the Evil One, nearly seven years back, and thereby they came into possession of money as fast as they liked; but they had signed the deed, and if they could not guess a riddle which he would propose to them they were lost. "If you wish to be helped," replied the old Woman, "one of you must go into the forest, and there he will find a rock overthrown, and made into the form of a hut; into this he must enter, and there he will meet with help." The two low-spirited Soldiers thought this would not help them; but the merry one got up, and going into the forest, came soon to the rocky cave. In this place sat a very old Woman, who was Grandmother to the Evil Spirit; and she asked the Soldier when he entered, whence he came, and what his business was. He told her everything that had happened; and because his manners pleased her she took compassion on him, and said she could assist him. Thereupon she raised a large stone, under which was the cellar, wherein she

bade the Soldier conceal himself, and he would hear all that transpired. "Only sit still and keep very quiet," said she, "and then when the Dragon returns I will ask him about the puzzle, and you must mind what answers he makes." About twelve o'clock at night the Dragon flew in, and desired his dinner. His Grandmother, therefore, covered the table with food and drink, and they ate and drank together till they were satisfied. Then she asked him what success he had met with that day, and how many souls he had secured? "Things did not go well to-day," replied the Dragon; "but yet I have caught three Soldiers safe enough." "Ah! three Soldiers!" said the old Woman; "and I suppose you have set them something to do, that they may not escape you." "They are mine, they are mine!" cried the Evil One, gleefully; "for I have set them a riddle which they will never guess."

"What is this riddle?" asked his Grandmother.

"I will tell you!" replied her Grandson.

"In the great North Sea lies a dead sea-cat, that shall be their roast meat; the rib of a whale shall be their silver spoon; and an old hollow

horse's hoof shall be their wineglass." As soon as the Dragon had said this he went to bed, and the old Woman raised the stone and let out the Soldier. "Have you attended perfectly to all that was said?" inquired the old Woman. "Yes," he replied, "I know well enough how to help myself now."

Then he had to slip secretly out of the window, and by another road regain his companions with all the haste he could. He told them how craftily the old Grandmother had overreached the Dragon, and had laid bare to him the solution of the riddle. When he had finished his story the two other Soldiers recovered their spirits; and, all taking their whips, flogged for themselves so much money that it lay in heaps all around them.

Not long after this the seven years came to an end, and the Evil Spirit made his appearance with the book, and pointing to their signatures, said to the Soldiers, "Now I will take you into my dominions, and there you shall have a meal; but, if you can tell me what meat you shall have, you shall be at liberty to go where you like and keep your whips."

"In the great North Sea lies a dead sea-cat, and that shall be the roast meat," replied the first Soldier.

The Evil Spirit was very much put out with this ready answer; hemmed and hawed, and asked the second man what should be the spoon? "The rib of a whale shall be the silver spoon," replied the second Soldier.


The Evil Spirit now drew a longer face than before, began to grumble and swear, and asked the third Soldier, "Do you know what your wine-glass will be?"

"An old horse's hoof!" he replied.

At this reply the Evil Spirit flew away with a loud outcry, for he had no longer any power over the three Soldiers, who, taking up their whips, procured all the money they wanted, and thereon lived happily and contentedly to a good old age.



THE WONDERFUL MUSICIAN.

NCE upon a time a wonderful Fiddler was travelling through a wood, thinking of all sorts of things as he went along, and presently he said to himself, "I have plenty of time and space in this forest, so I will fetch a good companion"; and, taking the fiddle from his back, he fiddled till the trees re-echoed. Presently a Wolf came crashing through the brush-wood.

"Ah! a Wolf comes, for whom I have no desire," said the Fiddler; but the Wolf, approaching nearer, said, "O, you dear Musician, how beautifully you play! might I learn how?"

"It is soon learnt; you have only to do exactly as I tell you." Then the Wolf replied, "I will mind you just as a school-boy does his master." So the Musician told the Wolf to come with him; and when they had gone a little distance together they came to an old oak-tree, which was hollow within and split in the middle. "See here," said

the Musician, "if you wish to learn how to fiddle, put your forefoot in this cleft." The Wolf obeyed; but the Fiddler, snatching up a stone, quickly wedged both his feet so fast with one blow that the Wolf was stuck fast, and obliged to remain where he was. "Wait there till I come again," said the Fiddler, and went on his way.

After a while he said to himself a second time, "I have plenty of time and space in the forest, so I will fetch another companion"; and, taking his fiddle, he played away in the wood. Presently a Fox came sneaking through the trees.

"Ah!" said the Musician, "here comes a Fox, whom I did not desire."

The Fox, running up, said, "Ah, you dear Mister Musician, how is it you fiddle so beautifully? might I learn too?"

"It is soon learnt," answered he; "but you must do all I tell you." "I will obey you as a school-boy does his master," answered the Fox, and he followed the Musician. After they had walked a little distance he came to a footpath, with high hedges on each side. The Musician stopped, and pulling the bough of a hazel-tree

down to the ground on one side, he put his foot upon it, and then bent another down on the other side, saying, "Come, little Fox, if you wish to learn something, reach me here your left fore-foot." The Fox obeyed, and the Musician bound the foot to the left bough. "Now reach me the other, little Fox," said he, and he bound that to the right bough. And as soon as he saw that the knots were fast he let go, and the boughs sprang back into the air, carrying the Fox, shaking and quivering, up with them. "Wait there till I come again," said the Musician, and went on his way.

After a little while he said again to himself, "Time and space are not wanting to me in this forest; I will fetch another companion"; and, taking his fiddle, he made the sound re-echo in the woods.

"Aha!" said he, "a Hare! I won't have him."

"O, you dear Musician!" said the Hare, "how do you fiddle so beautifully? Could I learn it too?"

"It is soon learnt," replied the Musician, "only do all I tell you." The little Hare replied, "I

will obey you as a school-boy does his master"; and they went on together till they came to a clear space in the forest where an aspen-tree stood. The Musician bound a long twine round the neck of the Hare, and knotted the other end to a tree. "Now, my lively little Hare, jump twenty times round the tree," exclaimed the Musician. The Hare obeyed; and, as he jumped round the twentieth time, the twine had wound itself round the tree twenty times also, and made the Hare prisoner; and, pull and tug as much as he would, the cord only cut the deeper into his neck. "Wait there till I come again," said the Musician, and went on further.


The Wolf, meanwhile, had been pulling, dragging, and biting at the stone, and worked at it so long that at last he set his feet at liberty, and drew them again out of the cleft. Then, full of rage and anger, he hastened after the Musician, intending to tear him into pieces. As the Fox saw him running past he began to groan, and shouted with all his power, "Brother Wolf, come and help me; the Musician has deceived me!" So the Wolf, pulling the branches down, bit the knot to pieces,

and freed the Fox, who went on with him in order to take revenge on the Musician. On their way they found the Hare tied, and setting him at liberty, all three set out in pursuit of their enemy.

The Musician, however, had once more played his fiddle, and this time had been very lucky, for the notes came to the ears of a poor wood-cutter, who left off his work directly, whether he wished or not, and with his axe under his arm, came up to hear the music.

“At last the right companion has come,” said the Musician; “for I desired a man, and not a wild beast.” And beginning to play, he played so beautifully and delightfully that the poor man was as if enchanted, and his heart beat for joy. While he thus stood, the Wolf, the Fox, and the Hare came up, and he observed directly that they had some bad design; so, raising his bright axe, he placed himself before the Musician, as if he would say, “Who wishes to attack must take care of himself.” His looks made the animals afraid, and they ran back into the forest; but the Musician, after playing one more tune out of gratitude to the wood-cutter, went on his journey.

THE DWARFS.

 HERE was once upon a time a rich King who had three daughters, who all day long were accustomed to walk in the gardens of their father's palace. The King was a great admirer of every species of tree, but of one in particular it was said that whoever should pluck off a single apple would sink a hundred feet into the ground. Now, when harvest came, the apples on this tree were as red as blood, and the three Princesses went every day under the tree to see if any of the fruit had fallen; but the wind did not blow any down, and the branches were so overloaded that they hung almost on the ground. At last the youngest of the three daughters took such a fancy to the fruit that she said to her sisters, "Our father loves us so much he will never cause us to disappear underground; he only meant that judgment for strangers"; and so saying, she plucked an apple, and, jumping before her sisters, invited them also to taste it. So the three sisters

shared it between them; but as soon as they had eaten it they all sank down below the earth, so far that no bird could scratch them up.

By and by, when it became noon, the King wanted his daughters, but they were nowhere to be found, though the servants searched all over the house and gardens. At length, when he could hear nothing about them, the King caused it to be proclaimed throughout the country, that whoever should bring back the Princesses should receive one of them as a bride. Thereupon numbers of young men travelled about on land and sea to find the maidens; for every one was desirous to regain them, they were so amiable and pretty. Amongst others there went out three young Huntsmen, who, after travelling about eight days, came to a large castle, wherein every room was splendidly furnished; and in one room they found a large table, and on it was spread all manner of delicate food, and everything was still so warm that it smoked; yet nowhere did they hear or see any human being. Here they waited half the day, while the meats still smoked before them, till at length they became very hungry, and, sitting

down, they ate what they liked, and afterwards agreed together that one should remain in the castle while the two others sought the Princesses ; and, to decide the matter, they drew lots ; and it fell to the share of the eldest to stop on the spot. The next day, accordingly, the two younger brothers took their departure, while the eldest remained in the castle ; and about noon a little Dwarf entered, and brought in some pieces of roast meat, which he cut in pieces, and then handed them ; and while he held it to the young Huntsman he let one piece fall, and the Dwarf asked him to be good enough to pick it up again. So he bent down to do so, and immediately the Dwarf jumped on him, and caught him by the hair, and beat him roughly. The next day the second brother remained at home, but he fared no better ; and, when the two others returned, the eldest asked him how he had passed the day. "O ! badly enough, I can tell you," he replied ; and the two brothers told each other of what had befallen them ; but they said nothing to their youngest brother, for fear he should refuse to have any part in the matter. So the third day he re-

mained at home, and the Dwarf entered as usual with the meat, and, letting one piece fall, requested the youth to pick it up. But he said to the Dwarf, "What! can you not pick that up yourself? If you had the trouble of earning your daily bread you would be glad enough, but now you are not worth what you eat!"

This answer made the Dwarf very angry; but the youth griped hold of him, and gave him such a shake that he exclaimed, "Stop, stop! and let me go, and I will tell you where the King's daughters are."

When the youth heard this he let him drop, and the little mannikin said he was an underground Dwarf, and there were more than a thousand like him; and if any one went with him he could show him where the Princesses were living; that he knew the place, which was a deep well, where no water entered. The Dwarf told him further that he knew his brothers would not act honorably to him, and, therefore, if he would rescue the King's daughters he must go alone, and must take with him a great basket wherein to let himself down, and go armed with his forester's

knife; and below he would find three rooms, in each of which would sit a Princess, guarded by dragons with many heads, all of which heads he must cut off. As soon as the Dwarf had said all this he disappeared; and about evening the two brothers returned, and asked the youngest how he had passed the time. "O, very well, indeed," he replied; "and about noon a Dwarf came in, who cut up the meat, and let one piece fall, which he asked me to pick up; but I refused; and, as he flew into a passion, I gave him a shake, and presently he told me where to find the Princesses."

This tale sorely vexed the other brothers, who turned blue with suppressed rage; but the next morning they all went up the hill, and drew lots who should descend first into the basket. The lot fell, as before, to the eldest, and he went down, taking a bell with him, which when he rang they were to pull him up as fast as they could. So after he had been down a little while he rang his bell furiously; and, as soon as he was drawn up, the second brother took his place and went down; but he quickly rang to be pulled up again. The turn now came to the youngest brother, who al-

lowed himself to be let down to the very bottom, and there, getting out of the basket, he marched boldly up to the first door, with his drawn knife in his hand. There he heard the dragons snoring loudly; and, on his carefully opening the door, he saw one of the Princesses sitting within, with the dragon's nine heads in her lap. He raised his knife and cut these heads off; and immediately the Princess jumped up and hugged and kissed him, and fell upon his neck, and then gave him her golden necklace for a reward. Next he went after the second Princess, who had a dragon with seven heads by her side; he also freed her, and then went to the youngest, who was guarded by a four-headed dragon. This beast he also destroyed; and then the three sisters embraced and kissed him so much that at last he clashed the bell very hard, so that those above might hear. When the basket came down he set each Princess in by turns, and let them be drawn up; but, as it descended for him, he remembered the Dwarf's saying that his brothers would be faithless to him. So he picked up a huge stone, and laid it in the basket, and just as the false brothers had drawn it half-way up they cut the cord at the top, and the basket with


the stone in it fell plump to the bottom. By this means they thought they had rid themselves of their brother; and they made the three Princesses promise that they would tell their father it was they who had delivered them; and then they went home to the King and demanded the Princesses for their wives. But meanwhile the youngest brother wandered about sadly in the three chambers, and thought he should have to die there, when all at once he perceived on the walls a flute, and he thought to himself, "Ah! what good can this be here? What is there to make one merry?" He kicked, too, the dragons' heads, saying, "And what good are you to me? you cannot help me!" Up and down, to and fro, many times he walked, so often, indeed, the floor was worn smooth.

By and by other thoughts came into his head, and, seizing the flute, he blew a little on it; and, behold, ever so many little Dwarfs instantly appeared! He blew a little longer, and with every note a fresh one came, till at last the room was quite filled with them. Then all of them asked what his wishes were, and he told them that he wanted to be up above on earth again, and in the

clear daylight. Immediately each Dwarf seized a hair of his head, and away they flew up the well with him till they landed him at the top. As soon as ever he was safe on his legs again, he set out for the royal palace, and arrived about the time the weddings of the Princesses were to be celebrated. So he hurried up to the room where the King sat with his three daughters; and as soon as he entered they were so overcome that they fainted away. This made the King very angry; and he ordered the new-comer to be put in prison, for he thought he had done his children some injury; but as soon as they recovered themselves they begged their father to set him at liberty. But he asked them their reason; and when they said they dare not tell him, he bade them tell their story to the oven; and meantime he went outside and listened at the door. When the King had heard all, he caused the two traitorous brothers to be hanged; but he gave his youngest daughter in marriage to the true deliverer.

And to their wedding I went in a pair of glass shoes, and, kicking against the wall, broke them all to pieces.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN.

 HERE was once a poor Miller who had a beautiful daughter; and one day, having to go to speak with the King, he said, in order to make himself appear of consequence, that he had a daughter who could spin straw into gold. The King was very fond of gold, and thought to himself, "That is an art which would please me very well"; and so he said to the Miller, "If your daughter is so very clever, bring her to the castle in the morning, and I will put her to the proof."

As soon as she arrived, the King led her into a chamber which was full of straw; and, giving her a wheel and a reel, he said, "Now set yourself to work, and if you have not spun this straw into gold by an early hour to-morrow, you must die." With these words he shut the room door, and left the maiden alone.

There she sat for a long time, thinking how to save her life; for she understood nothing of the



art whereby straw might be spun into gold; and her perplexity increased more and more, till at last she began to weep. All at once the door opened and in stepped a little Man, who said, "Good evening, fair maiden; why do you weep so sore?" "Ah!" she replied, "I must spin this straw into gold, and I am sure I do not know how."

The little Man asked, "What will you give me if I spin it for you?"

"My necklace," said the maiden.

The Dwarf took it, placed himself in front of the wheel, and whir, whir, whir, three times round, and the bobbin was full. Then he set up another, and whir, whir, whir, thrice round again, and a second bobbin was full; and so he went all night long, until all the straw was spun, and the bobbins were full of gold. At sunrise the King came, very much astonished to see the gold; the sight of which gladdened him, but did not make his heart less covetous. He caused the maiden to be led into another room, still larger, full of straw; and then he bade her spin it into gold during the night if she valued her life. The maiden was again quite at a loss what to do; but

while she cried the door opened suddenly, as before, and the Dwarf appeared and asked her what she would give him in return for his assistance. "The ring off my finger," she replied. The little Man took the ring and began to spin at once, and by the morning all the straw was changed to glistening gold. The King was rejoiced above measure at the sight of this, but still he was not satisfied; but, leading the maiden into another still larger room, full of straw as the others, he said, "This you must spin during the night; but if you accomplish it you shall be my bride." "For," thought he to himself, "a richer wife thou canst not have in all the world."

When the maiden was left alone, the Dwarf again appeared, and asked, for the third time, "What will you give me to do this for you?"

"I have nothing left that I can give you," replied the maiden.

"Then promise me your first-born child if you become Queen," said he.

The Miller's daughter thought, "Who can tell if that will ever happen?" and, ignorant how else to help herself out of her trouble, she promised the

Dwarf what he desired; and he immediately set about and finished the spinning. When morning came, and the King found all he had wished for done, he celebrated his wedding, and the fair Miller's daughter became Queen.

About a year after the marriage, when she had ceased to think about the little Dwarf, she brought a fine child into the world; and, suddenly, soon after its birth, the very man appeared and demanded what she had promised. "The frightened Queen offered him all the riches of the kingdom if he would leave her her child; but the Dwarf answered, "No; something human is dearer to me than all the wealth of the world."

The Queen began to weep and groan so much, that the Dwarf compassionated her, and said, "I will leave you three days to consider; if you in that time discover my name you shall keep your child."

All night long the Queen racked her brains for all the names she could think of, and sent a messenger through the country to collect far and wide any new names. The following morning came the Dwarf, and she began with "Caspar," "Mel-

chior," "Balthassar," and all the odd names she knew; but at each the little Man exclaimed, "That is not my name." The second day the Queen inquired of all her people for uncommon and curious names, and called the Dwarf "Ribs-of-Beef," "Sheep-shank," "Whalebone"; but at each he said, "This is not my name." The third day the messenger came back and said, "I have not found a single name; but as I came to a high mountain near the edge of a forest, where foxes and hares say good night to each other, I saw there a little house, and before the door a fire was burning, and round this fire a very curious little Man was dancing on one leg, and shouting, —

" 'To-day I stew, and then I'll bake,
To-morrow I shall the Queen's child take;
Ah! how famous it is that nobody knows
That my name is Rumpelstiltskin.' "

When the Queen heard this she was very glad, for now she knew the name; and soon after came the Dwarf, and asked, "Now, my lady Queen, what is my name?"


First she said, "Are you called Conrade?"
"No."

“Are you called Hal?” “No.”

“Are you called Rumpelstiltskin?”

“A witch has told you! a witch has told you!” shrieked the little Man, and stamped his right foot so hard in the ground with rage that he could not draw it out again. Then he took hold of his left leg with both his hands, and pulled away so hard that his right came off in the struggle, and he hopped away howling terribly. And from that day to this the Queen has heard no more of her troublesome visitor.

FLORINDA AND FLORINDEL.

NCE upon a time, in a castle in the midst of a large thick wood, there lived an old Witch all by herself. By day she changed herself into a cat or an owl; but in the evening she resumed her right form. She was able also to allure to her the wild animals and birds, whom she killed, cooked, and ate, for whoever ventured within a hundred steps of her castle was obliged to stand still, and could not stir from the spot until she allowed it; but if a pretty maiden came into the circle, the Witch changed her into a bird, and then put her into a basket, which she carried into one of the rooms in the castle; and in this room were already many thousand such baskets of rare birds.

Now there was a young maiden called Florinda, who was exceedingly pretty, and she was betrothed to a youth named Florindel, and just at the time that the events which I am about to relate happened, they were passing the days together



in a round of pleasure. One day they went into the forest for a walk, and Florindel said, "Take care that you do not go too near the castle." It was a beautiful evening; the sun shining between the stems of the trees, and brightening up the dark green leaves and the turtle-doves cooing softly upon the May-bushes. Florinda began to cry, and sat down in the sunshine with Florindel, who cried too, for they were quite frightened, and thought they should die, when they looked round and saw how far they had wandered, and that there was no house in sight. The sun was yet half above the hills and half below, and Florindel, looking through the brushwood, saw the old walls of the castle close by them, which frightened him terribly, so that he fell off his seat. Then Florinda sang,—

"My little bird, with his ring so red,
Sings sorrow, and sorrow and woe;
For he sings that the turtle-dove soon will be dead,
Oh sorrow, and sorrow — jug, jug, jug."

Florindel lifted up his head, and saw Florinda was changed into a nightingale, which was singing, "Jug, jug, jug," and presently an owl flew round thrice, with his eyes glistening, and crying, "Tu

wit, tu woo." Florindel could not stir; there he stood like a stone, and could not weep, nor speak, nor move hand or foot. Meanwhile the sun set, and the owl flying into a bush, out came an ugly old woman, thin and yellow, with great red eyes, and a crooked nose which reached down to her chin. She muttered, and seized the nightingale, and carried it away in her hand, while Florindel remained there incapable of moving or speaking. At last the Witch returned, and said, with a hollow voice, "Greet you, Zachiel! if the moon shines on your side, release this one at once." Then Florindel became free, and fell down on his knees before the Witch, and begged her to give him back Florinda; but she refused, and said he should never again have her, and went away. He cried, and wept, and groaned after her, but all to no purpose; and at length he rose and went into a strange village, where for some time he tended sheep. He often went round about the enchanted castle, but never too near, and one night, after so walking, he dreamt that he found a blood-red flower, in the middle of which lay a fine pearl. This flower, he thought, he broke


off, and, going therewith to the castle, all he touched with it was free from enchantment, and thus he regained his Florinda.

When he awoke next morning he began his search over hill and valley to find such a flower, but nine days had passed away. At length, early one morning he discovered it, and in its middle was a large dewdrop, like a beautiful pearl. Then he carried the flower day and night, till he came to the castle; and, although he ventured within the enchanted circle, he was not stopped, but walked on quite to the door. Florindel was now in high spirits, and touching the door with his flower, it flew open. He entered, and passed through the hall, listening for the sound of the birds, which at last he heard. He found the room, and went in, and there was the Enchantress feeding the birds in the seven thousand baskets. As soon as she saw Florindel, she became frightfully enraged, and spat out poison and gall at him, but she dared not come too close. He would not turn back for her, but looked at the baskets of birds; but, alas! there were many hundreds of nightingales, and how was he to know his Flo-

rinda? While he was examining them he perceived the old woman secretly taking away one of the baskets, and slipping out of the door. Florindel flew after her, and touched the basket with his flower, and also the old woman, so that she could no longer bewitch; and at once Florinda stood before him and fell upon his neck, as beautiful as she ever was. Afterwards he disenchanted all the other birds, and then returned home with his Florinda, and for many years they lived together happily and contentedly.



THE JEW AMONG THORNS.

 HERE was once upon a time a rich man, who had a Servant so honest and industrious that he was every morning the first up, and every evening the last to come in; and, besides, whenever there was a difficult job to be done, which nobody else would undertake, this servant always volunteered his assistance. Moreover, he never complained, but was contented with everything, and happy under all circumstances. When his year of service was up, his master gave him no reward, for he thought to himself, that will be the cleverest way, and by saving his wage, I shall keep my man quietly in my service. The Servant said nothing, but did his work during the second year as well as the first; but still he received nothing for it, so he made himself happy about the matter, and remained a year longer.

When this third year was also past, the master considered, and put his hand in his pocket, but drew nothing out; so the Servant said, "I have

served you honestly for three years, master, be so good as to give me what I deserve; for I wish to leave, and look about me a bit in the world."

"Yes, my good fellow," replied the covetous old man; "you have served me industriously, and, therefore, you shall be cheerfully rewarded." With these words he dipped his hand into his pocket, and drew out three farthings, which he gave the Servant, saying, "There, you have a farthing for each year, which is a much more bountiful and liberal reward than you would have received from most masters!"

The honest Servant, who understood very little about money, jinked his capital, and thought, "Ah! now I have a pocketful of money, so why need I plague myself any longer with hard work!" So off he walked, skipping and jumping about from one side of the road to the other, full of joy. Presently he came to some bushes, out of which a little man stepped, and called out, "Whither away, merry brother? I see you do not carry much burden in the way of cares." "Why should I be sad?" replied the Servant; "I have enough; the wages of three years are rattling in my pocket."

"How much is your treasure?" inquired the Dwarf.

"How much? Three farthings, honestly counted out," said the Servant.

"Well," said the Dwarf, "I am a poor needy man; give me your three farthings; I can work no longer, but you are young, and can earn your bread easily."

Now, because the Servant had a compassionate heart, he pitied the old man, and handed him the three farthings, saying, "In the name of God take them, and I shall not want."

Thereupon the little man said, "Because I see you have a good heart I promise you three wishes, one for each farthing, and all shall be fulfilled."

"Aha?" exclaimed the Servant, "you are one who can blow black and blue! Well, then, if it is to be so, I wish, first, for a gun, which shall bring down all I aim at; secondly, a fiddle, which shall make all who hear it dance; thirdly, that whatever request I make to any one, it shall not be in their power to refuse me."

"All this you shall have," said the Dwarf; and diving into his pocket he produced a fiddle and

gun, as soon as you could think, all in readiness, as if they had been ordered long ago. These he gave to the Servant, and then said to him, "Whatever you may ask, shall no man in the world be able to refuse." With that he disappeared.

"What more can you desire now, my heart?" said the Servant to himself, and walked merrily onwards. Soon he met a Jew with a very long beard, who was standing listening to the song of a bird which hung high up upon a tree. "What a wonder," he was exclaiming, "that such a small creature should have such an immense voice! if it were only mine! O, that I could strew some salt upon its tail!"

"If that is all," broke in the Servant, "the bird shall soon be down"; and aiming with his gun he pulled the trigger, and down it fell in the middle of a thorn-bush. "Go, you rogue, and fetch the bird out!" said he to the Jew.

"Leave out the rogue, my master," returned the other; "before the dog comes I will fetch out the bird, because you killed it so well." So saying, the Jew went down on his hands and knees and crawled into the bush; and while he stuck fast

among the thorns, the good Servant felt so roguishly inclined, that he took up his fiddle and began to play. At the same moment the Jew was upon his legs, and began to dance about, while the more the Servant played the better went the dance. But the thorns tore his shabby coat, combed out his beard, and pricked and stuck all over his body. "My master," cried the Jew, "what is your fiddling to me! leave the fiddle alone; I do not want to dance."

But the Servant did not pay any attention, and said to the Jew, while he played anew, so that the poor man jumped higher than ever, and the rags of his clothes hung about the bushes, "You have fleeced people enough in your time, and now the thorny hedge shall give you a turn." "O, woe's me!" cried the Jew; "I will give the master what he desires, if only he leaves off fiddling, — a purse of gold." "If you are so liberal," said the Servant, "I will stop my music; but this I must say to your credit, that you dance as if you had been bred to it"; and thereupon taking the purse he went his way.

The Jew stood still and watched him out of

sight, and then he began to abuse him with all his might. "You miserable musician, you beer-tippler! wait, if I do but catch you alone, I will hunt you till the soles of your shoes fall off! you ragamuffin, you farthingsworth!" And so he went on calling him all the names he could lay his tongue to. As soon as he had regained his breath and arranged his dress a bit, he ran into the town to the justice. "My lord judge," he said, "I have a sorry tale to tell: see how a rascally man has used me on the public highway, robbed and beaten me! A stone on the ground might pity me; my clothes all torn, my body scratched and wounded all over, poverty come upon me with the loss of my purse, besides several ducats, one piece more valuable than all the others; for Heaven's sake let the man be put in prison!"

"Was it a soldier," inquired the judge, "who has thus cut you with his sabre?" "God forbid!" cried the Jew; "it was no sword the rogue had, but he carried a gun upon his shoulder, and a fiddle slung round his neck; the evil wretch is easily known."

So the judge sent his people out after the man,

and they soon found the Servant, whom they drove slowly before them, when they found the purse upon him. As soon as he was set before the judge he said, "I have not touched the Jew, nor taken his money; for he gave it to me of his own free-will, because he wished me to cease my fiddling, which he could not endure."

"Heaven defend us!" cried the Jew. "He tells lies as fast as he can catch the flies upon the wall."

The judge also would not believe his tale, and said, "This is a bad defence, for no Jew would do as you say." Thereupon, because the robbery had been committed on the public road, he sentenced the good Servant to be hanged. As he was led thither the Jew began again to abuse him, crying out, "You bearskin! you dog of a fiddler! now you shall receive your well-earned reward!" But the Servant walked quietly with the hangman to the gallows, and upon the last step of the ladder he turned round and said to the judge, "Grant me one request before I die."

"Yes, if you do not ask your life," said the judge.

"Not life do I request, but that you will allow


me to play one tune upon my fiddle, for a last favor," replied the Servant.

The Jew raised a great cry of "Murder! murder! for God's sake do not allow it!" "Why should I not grant him this short enjoyment?" asked the judge: "it is almost all over with him, and he shall have this last favor." (However, he could not have refused the request which the Servant had made.)

Then the Jew exclaimed, "O! woe's me! hold me fast, tie me fast!" while the Servant taking his fiddle from his neck, began to screw up, and no sooner had he given the first scrape, than the judge, his clerk, and the hangman began to make steps, and the rope fell out of the hand of him who was going to bind the Jew. At the second scrape, all raised their legs, and the hangman let loose the good Servant and prepared for the dance. At the third scrape all began to dance and caper about; the judge and the Jew being first performers. And as he continued to play, all joined in the dance, and even the people who had gathered in the market out of curiosity, old and young, fat and thin, one with another. The dogs, likewise, as they

came by, got up on their hind legs and capered about; and the longer he played, the higher sprang the dancers, till they toppled down over each other on their heads, and began to shriek terribly. At length the judge cried, quite out of breath, "I will give you your life if you will stop fiddling." The good Servant thereupon had compassion, and dismounting the ladder he hung his fiddle round his neck again. Then he stepped up to the Jew, who lay upon the ground panting for breath, and said, "You rascal, tell me, now, whence you got the money, or I will take my fiddle and begin again." "I stole it, I stole it!" cried the Jew; "but you have honestly earned it." Upon this the judge caused the Jew to be hung on the gallows as a thief, while the good Servant went on his way rejoicing in his happy escape.

THE THREE LITTLE MEN IN THE WOOD.

NCE upon a time there lived a man, whose wife had died; and a woman, also, who had lost her husband; and this man and this woman had each a daughter. These two maidens were friendly with each other, and used to walk together, and one day they came by the widow's house. Then the widow said to the man's daughter, "Do you hear, tell your father I wish to marry him, and you shall every morning wash in milk and drink wine, but my daughter shall wash in water and drink water." So the girl went home and told her father what the woman had said, and he replied, "What shall I do? marriage is a comfort, but it is also a torment." At last, as he could come to no conclusion, he drew off his boot and said: "Take this boot, which has a hole in the sole, and go with it out of doors and hang it on the great nail, and then pour water into it. If it holds the water, I will again take a wife; but if it runs through,

I will not have her." The girl did as he bid her, but the water drew the hole together and the boot became full to overflowing. So she told her father how it had happened, and he, getting up, saw it was quite true; and going to the widow he settled the matter, and the wedding was celebrated.

The next morning, when the two girls arose, milk to wash in and wine to drink were set for the man's daughter, but only water, both for washing and drinking, for the woman's daughter. The second morning, water for washing and drinking stood before both the man's daughter and the woman's; and on the third morning, water to wash in and water to drink were set before the man's daughter, and milk to wash in and wine to drink before the woman's daughter, and so it continued.

Soon the woman conceived a deadly hatred for her step-daughter, and knew not how to behave badly enough to her, from day to day. She was envious too, because her step-daughter was beautiful and lovely, and her own daughter was ugly and hateful.

84 THE THREE LITTLE MEN IN THE WOOD.

Once, in the winter time, when the river was frozen as hard as a stone, and hill and valley were covered with snow, the woman made a cloak of paper, and called the maiden to her and said, "Put on this cloak, and go away into the wood to fetch me a little basketful of strawberries, for I have a wish for some."

"Mercy on us!" said the maiden, "in winter there are no strawberries growing; the ground is frozen, and the snow, too, has covered everything. And why must I go in that paper cloak? It is so cold out of doors that it freezes one's breath even, and if the wind does not blow off this cloak, the thorns will tear it from my body."

"Will you dare to contradict me?" said the step-mother. "Make haste off, and let me not see you again until you have found me a basket of strawberries." Then she gave her a small piece of dry bread, saying, "On that you must subsist the whole day." But she thought, out of doors she will be frozen and starved, so that my eyes will never see her again!

So the girl did as she was told, and put on the paper cloak, and went away with the basket. Far

and near there was nothing but snow, and not a green blade was to be seen. When she came to the forest she discovered a little cottage, out of which three little Dwarfs were peeping. The girl wished them good morning, and knocked gently at the door. They called her in, and entering the room, she sat down on a bench by the fire to warm herself, and eat her breakfast. The Dwarfs called out, "Give us some of it!" "Willingly," she replied, and, dividing her bread in two, she gave them half. They asked, "What do you here in the forest, in the winter time, in this thin cloak?"

"Ah!" she answered, "I must seek a basketful of strawberries, and I dare not return home until I can take them with me." When she had eaten her bread, they gave her a broom, saying, "Sweep away the snow with this from the back door." But when she was gone out of doors, the three Dwarfs said one to another, "What shall we give her, because she is so gentle and good, and has shared her bread with us?" Then said the first, "I grant to her that she shall become more beautiful every day." The second said, "I grant that

a piece of gold shall fall out of her mouth for every word she speaks." The third said, "I grant that a king shall come and make her his bride."

Meanwhile, the girl had done as the dwarfs had bidden her, and had swept away the snow from behind the house. And what do you think she found there? Actually, ripe strawberries! which came quite red and sweet up under the snow. So filling her basket in great glee, she thanked the little men and gave them each her hand, and then ran home to take her step-mother what she wished for. As she went in and said, "Good evening," a piece of gold fell from her mouth. Thereupon she related what had happened to her in the forest; but at every word she spoke a piece of gold fell, so that the whole floor was covered.

"Just see her arrogance," said the step-sister, "to throw away money in that way!" but in her heart she was jealous, and wished to go into the forest too, to seek strawberries. Her mother said, "No, my dear daughter; it is too cold, you will be frozen?" but as her girl let her have no peace, she at last consented, and made her a beautiful fur cloak to put on; she also gave her buttered bread and cooked meat to eat on her way.

The girl went into the forest and came straight to the little cottage. The three Dwarfs were peeping out again, but she did not greet them; and, stumbling on without looking at them or speaking, she entered the room, and, seating herself by the fire, began to eat the bread and butter and meat. "Give us some of that," exclaimed the Dwarfs; but she answered, "I have not got enough for myself, so how can I give any away?" When she had finished they said, "You have a broom there, go and sweep the back door clean." "O, sweep it yourself," she replied; "I am not your servant." When she saw that they would not give her anything she went out at the door, and the three Dwarfs said to each other, "What shall we give her? she is so ill-behaved, and has such a bad and envious disposition, that nobody can wish well to her." The first said, "I grant that she becomes more ugly every day." The second said, "I grant that at every word she speaks a toad shall spring out of her mouth." The third said, "I grant that she shall die a miserable death." Meanwhile the girl had been looking for strawberries out of doors, but as she could find none, she

went home very peevish. When she opened her mouth to tell her mother what had happened to her in the forest, a toad jumped out of her mouth at each word, so that every one fled away from her in horror.

The step-mother was now still more vexed, and was always thinking how she could do the most harm to her husband's daughter, who every day became more beautiful. At last she took a kettle, set it on the fire, and boiled a net therein. When it was sodden she hung it on the shoulder of the poor girl, and gave her an axe, that she might go upon the frozen pond and cut a hole in the ice to drag the net. She obeyed, and went away and cut an ice-hole; and while she was cutting, an elegant carriage came by, in which the King sat. The carriage stopped, and the King asked, "My child, who are you? and what do you here?" "I am a poor girl, and am dragging a net," said she. Then the King pitied her, and saw how beautiful she was, and said, "Will you go with me?" "Yes, indeed, with all my heart," she replied, for she was glad to get out of the sight of her mother and sister.

So she was handed into the carriage, and driven away with the King; and as soon as they arrived at his castle the wedding was celebrated with great splendor, as the Dwarfs had granted to the maiden. After a year the young Queen bore a son; and when the step-mother heard of her great good fortune, she came to the castle with her daughter, and behaved as if she had come on a visit. But one day, when the King had gone out, and no one was present, this bad woman seized the Queen by the head, and her daughter caught hold of her feet, and raising her out of bed, they threw her out of the window into the river which ran past. Then, laying her ugly daughter in the bed, the old woman covered her up, even over her head; and when the King came back he wished to speak to his wife, but the old woman exclaimed, "Softly! Softly! do not go near her; she is lying in a beautiful sleep, and must be kept quiet to-day." The King, not thinking of any evil design, came again the next morning the first thing; and when he spoke to his wife, and she answered, a toad sprang out of her mouth at every word, as a piece of gold had done before. So he asked what had happened,

and the old woman said, "That is produced by her weakness, she will soon lose it again."

But in the night the kitchen-boy saw a Duck swimming through the brook, and the Duck asked,

"King, King, what are you doing?
Are you sleeping, or are you waking?"

And as he gave no answer, the Duck said,

"What are my guests a-doing?"

Then the boy answered,

"They all sleep sound."

And she asked him,

"How fares my child?"

And he replied,


"In his cradle he sleeps."

Then she came up in the form of the Queen to the cradle, and gave the child drink, shook up his bed, and covered him up, and then swam again away as a Duck through the brook. The second night she came again; and on the third she said to the kitchen-boy, "Go and tell the King to take his sword, and swing it thrice over me, on the

threshold." Then the boy ran and told the King, who came with his sword, and swung it thrice over the Duck; and at the third time his bride stood before him, bright, living, and healthful, as she had been before.

Now the King was in great happiness, but he hid the Queen in a chamber until the Sunday when the child was to be christened; and when all was finished he asked, "What ought to be done to one who takes another out of a bed and throws her into the river?" "Nothing could be more proper," said the old woman, "than to put such an one into a cask, stuck round with nails, and to roll it down the hill into the water." Then the King said, "You have spoken your own sentence"; and ordering a cask to be fetched, he caused the old woman and her daughter to be put into it, and the bottom being nailed up, the cask was rolled down the hill until it fell into the water.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE.

HERE was once a man who had three sons, the youngest of whom was named Dummling, and on that account was despised and slighted, and put back on every occasion. It happened that the eldest wished to go into the forest to hew wood, and before he went his mother gave him a fine large pancake and a bottle of wine to take with him. Just as he got into the forest, he met a gray old man, who bade him good day, and said, "Give me a piece of your pancake and a sip of your wine, for I am very hungry and thirsty." The prudent youth, however, would not, saying, "If I should give you my cake and wine, I shall have nothing left for myself; no, pack off!" and he left the man there and went onwards. He now began to hew down a tree, but he had not made many strokes before he missed his aim, and the axe cut into his arm so deeply, that he was forced to go home and



have it bound up. But this wound came from the little old man.

Afterwards the second son went into the forest, and the mother gave him, as she had given the eldest, a pancake and a bottle of wine. The same little old man met him also, and requested a piece of his cake and a draught from his bottle. But he likewise refused, and said, "What I give to you I cannot have for myself; go, take yourself off!" and, so speaking, he left the old man there and went onwards. His reward, however, soon came, for when he had made two strokes at the tree he cut his own leg, so that he was obliged to return home.

Then Dummling asked his father to let him go and hew wood; but his father said, "No; your brothers have harmed themselves in so doing, and so will you, for you do not understand anything about it." But Dummling begged and prayed so long, that his father at length said, "Well then, go, and you will become prudent through experience." His mother gave him only a cake which had been baked in the ashes, and a bottle of sour beer. As he entered the forest the same gray old

man greeted him, and asked, "Give me a piece of your cake and a draught out of your bottle, for I am hungry and thirsty."

Dummling answered, "I have only a cake baked in the ashes, and a bottle of sour beer; but, if they will suit you, let us sit down and eat."

They sat down, and as soon as Dummling took out his cake, lo! it was changed into a nice pancake, and the sour beer had become wine. They ate and drank, and when they had done the little man said, "Because you have a good heart, and have willingly shared what you had, I will make you lucky. There stands an old tree, cut it down, and you will find something at the roots." Thereupon the little man took leave.

Dummling went directly and cut down the tree, and when it fell, there sat amongst the roots a Goose, which had feathers of pure gold. He took it up and carried it with him to an inn, where he intended to pass the night. The landlord had three daughters, who, as soon as they saw the Goose, were very covetous of such a wonderful bird, even to have but one of its feathers. The eldest girl thought she would watch an opportu-

nity to pluck out one, and, just as Dummling was going out, she caught hold of one of the wings, but her finger and thumb stuck there, and she could not move. Soon after came the second, desiring also to pluck out a feather; but scarcely had she touched her sister, when she was bound fast to her. At last the third came also, with like intention, and the others exclaimed, "Keep away! for heaven's sake keep away!" But she did not see why she should, and thought, "The others are there, why should I not be too?" and springing up to them, she touched her sister, and at once was made fast, so they had to pass the night with the Goose.

The next morning Dummling took the Goose under his arm and went out, without troubling himself about the three girls, who were still hanging on, and who were obliged to keep on the run behind him, now to the left, and now to the right, just as he thought proper. In the middle of a field the Parson met them, and when he saw the procession he cried out, "For shame, you good-for-nothing wenches! what are you running after that young man across the fields for? Come, pray

leave off that sport!" So saying he took the youngest by the hand and tried to pull her away; but as soon as he touched her he also stuck fast, and was forced to follow in the train. Soon after came the Clerk, and saw his master the Parson following in the footsteps of the three maidens. The sight astonished him much, and he called, "Holloa, master! where are you going so quickly? have you forgotten that there is a christening to-day?" and he ran up to him and caught him by the gown. The clerk also could not release himself, and so there tramped the five, one behind another, till they met two countrymen returning with their hatchets in their hands. The Parson called out to them, and begged them to come and release him and the Clerk; but no sooner had they touched the Clerk, than they stuck fast to him, and so now there were seven all in a line following behind Dummling and the golden Goose. By and by he came into a city, where a King ruled, who had a daughter so seriously inclined that no one could make her laugh; so he had made a law that whoever should cause her to laugh, should have her to wife.

Now, when Dummling heard this, he went with his Goose and all his train before the Princess, and, as soon as she saw these seven poor creatures continually on the trot behind one another, she began to laugh so heartily, as if she were never going to cease. Dummling thereupon demanded his bride; but his intended son-in-law did not please the King, who, after a variety of excuses, at last said he must bring him a man who could drink a cellarful of wine. Dummling bethought himself of the gray little man, who would, no doubt, be able to help him; and going into the forest, on the same spot where he had felled the tree, he saw a man sitting with a very melancholy countenance. Dummling asked him what he was taking to heart so sorely, and he answered, "I have such a great thirst and cannot quench it; for cold water I cannot bear, and a cask of wine I soon empty; for what good is such a drop as that to a hot stone?"

"There, I can help you," said Dummling; "come with me, and you shall be satisfied."

He led him into the King's cellar, and the man drank and drank away at the cask till his veins

swelled; but before the day was out he had emptied all the wine-barrels. Dummling now demanded his bride again, but the King was vexed that such an ugly fellow, whom every one called Dummling, should take away his daughter, and he made a new condition that he must first find a man who could eat a whole mountain of bread. Dummling did not consider long, but set off into the forest, where, on the same spot as before, there sat a man, who was strapping his body round with a leather strap, and all the while making a horrible face, and saying, "I have eaten a whole oven-full of rolls; but what use is that when one has such a hunger as I? My stomach remains empty still, and I must strap myself to prevent my dying of hunger!"

At these words Dummling was glad, and said, "Get up and come with me, and you shall eat enough to satisfy you."

He led him to the Royal Palace, where the King had collected all the meal in his whole kingdom, and had caused a huge mountain of bread to be baked with it. The man out of the wood, standing before it, began to eat, and in the

course of the day the whole mountain had vanished.


Dummling then, for the third time, demanded his bride, but the King began again to make fresh excuses, and desired a ship which could travel both on land and water.

"So soon as you return blessed with that," said the King, "you shall have my daughter for your bride."

Dummling went, as before, straight into the forest, and there he found the little old gray man to whom he had given his cake. When Dummling had said what he wanted, the old man gave him the vessel which could travel both on land and water, with these words, "Since I have eaten and drunk with you, I give you the ship, and all this I do because you were good-natured."

As soon now as the King saw the ship, he could not any longer keep back his daughter, and the wedding was celebrated, and after the King's death Dummling inherited the kingdom, and lived for a long time contentedly with his bride.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN.

 CERTAIN merchant had two children, a boy and a girl, who, at the time our tale begins, were both so little that they could not run alone. This merchant had just sent away two richly laden vessels in which he had embarked all his property, and, while he hoped to gain much money by their voyage, the news came that both ships had sunk to the bottom of the sea. Thus, instead of a rich merchant, he became quite a poor man, and he had nothing left but a field near the town where he dwelt, and therein, to divert his thoughts for a while from his loss, he went to walk. While he paced to and fro, there suddenly appeared a little Black Dwarf, who asked him the reason of his sorrowful looks, and what it was he took so much to heart?

"If you are able to help me," said the merchant, "I will tell you."

"Who knows," replied the Dwarf, "whether I can or not?"

So then the merchant told him what had happened, — how all his wealth was sunk at the bottom of the sea, and nothing remained to him but this one field.

“Do not grieve yourself any longer,” said the Dwarf; “for, if you will promise to bring me here in twelve years whatever first rubs itself against your leg on your return home, you shall have all the money you can require.” The merchant thought it would be his dog who would meet him first, for he remembered not, just then, his children, so he gave the little black man his word and honor to the bargain, and returned to his home.

Just as he came within sight of his house his little boy saw him, and was so glad that he toddled up to him and clasped him by the knees. The father was frightened, for his promise occurred to him, and he knew now what he had sworn to; but still, as he found no money in his coffers, he imagined it was only a joke on the part of the Dwarf. A month afterwards, however, he went on his land to seek for anything he could find to sell, and there he saw a great heap of gold. Now was he again prosperous, and bought and sold and

became a great merchant, as he had been before. Meanwhile his boy grew up clever and sensible, and the nearer he came to the age of twelve years the sadder became his father, till people could see the traces of his anguish in his countenance. One day the son asked him what was amiss; the father would not tell him at first, but at last he related how he had sold him without knowing it to a little Black Dwarf for a heap of money, and how he had set his seal and name to the bargain, so that when twelve years had passed he must deliver him up. "My father," answered the son, "do not be sorry about such a matter; all will yet go well, for the Dwarf can have no power over me."

After this the son caused himself to be blessed by a priest, and, when the hour came, he and his father went together to the field, and the son drew a circle within which they both placed themselves.

Presently came the Black Dwarf, and asked "Have you brought with you what you promised?" The father was silent; but the son replied, "What do you want here?"

"I came to speak with your father, and not with you," said the Dwarf.

"You have deceived and betrayed my father," said the son. "Give up the paper you extorted from him."

"No! I will not surrender my rights!" replied the Dwarf.

Then they consulted together for some time, and at last they agreed that the son, because he would not obey the Dwarf, and did not any longer belong to his father, should place himself in an open boat which lay upon the waters, and then that his father should give the vessel a push that it might float whither it would. The son, therefore, took leave of his father, and set himself in the boat, which the father thereupon pushed off; but, unhappily, the boat turned bottom upwards with the force of the shock, and the father was forced to return home with the belief that his son was dead, which grieved him sorely.

But the boat did not entirely sink, but floated quietly away with the youth clinging to it, till at length it touched on an unknown land, and remained there. The youth then scrambled on shore, and saw, just opposite, a fine castle, towards which he hurried. As soon as he entered, he found

that it was an enchanted palace, and he walked through all the rooms, and found them all empty, till he came to the last, in which he discovered a snake curling itself round and round. This snake, however, was an enchanted maiden, who was overjoyed to see the youth enter, and she said to him, "Are you come to deliver me? For twelve years have I waited for you, for this kingdom is enchanted, and you must free it from the spell."

"How can I do that?" he asked.

"This night," she replied, "twelve Black Dwarfs will come, laden with chains; and they will ask you what you do here; but, mind, give them no answer, and let them do what they will to you. They will torment you, beat and poke you about, but let all this happen without a word on your part, and then for twelve years they must be off again. The second night twelve others will come, and the third night four-and-twenty, and these last will cut off your head; but at midnight their power passes away, and if you restrain yourself till then, and never speak a word, I am saved. Afterwards I will come to you with a flask which contains the water of life, and with this I will sprinkle

you, that you shall regain your breath, and be as healthy and well as before."

"I will save you willingly," he replied.

Now everything happened as the snake said. The Black Dwarfs failed to compel him to speak, and the third night the maiden became disenchanted, and came with the water of life, as she had said, to the youth, and restored him to life. Then the beautiful princess fell around his neck, and kissed him, and through all the castle there was joy and gladness. Soon their wedding was celebrated, and the merchant's son became the King of the Golden Mountain.

The happy pair lived in great contentment, and in course of time the Queen bore a son, and when eight years more had passed over their heads, the King bethought himself of his father, and his heart was so touched with the recollection that he wished to revisit him. The Queen would not at first hear about such a thing, but he talked about it so often that at length she was obliged to consent, and said, "I know the journey will cause misfortune to me." At his departure she gave him a wishing-ring, and said, "Take this ring and wear

it on your finger, and then, wherever you wish to be there you will find yourself; but this you must promise me, that you will not wish me to leave here to visit your father's house."

The King promised, and, putting the ring on his finger, he wished himself before the town where his father dwelt. At the same moment he found himself there, and tried to go into the town; but as he came to the gate the guards would not let him pass, because he wore clothes so peculiar, and so rich and magnificent. Thereupon he climbed up a hill where a shepherd was watching sheep, and with him he changed clothes, and thus passed into the town unquestioned in the rough smock. When he came to his father's house he was not recognized, and the merchant would not believe it was his son, but said he certainly once had a son, but that he had been dead some years. Still, because he saw he was a poor thirsty shepherd, he willingly gave him a plate of food. At last the youth asked his parents, "Do you know of any mark on my body whereby you will recognize me? for indeed I am your true son!"

"Yes," said the mother; "our son had a mole-spot under his arm."

Instantly he drew his shirt back from his arm, and there they saw the mole-spot, so that they no longer doubted that he was their son. Then he told them that he was King of the Golden Mountain, and had a beautiful princess for his wife, and a child seven years old. But the merchant laughed at his son, saying, "Never can this be true! Here is a fine King indeed, who comes here in a ragged shepherd's smock!"

This made the son very angry; and, without consideration, he turned round his ring, and wished both his child and wife were with him. In a moment they appeared; but the Queen wept, and complained that he had broken his promise, and made her unlucky. The King told her he had done it without thought and with no bad intention; and she appeared to be reconciled, but, in reality, she had evil in her heart.

After a while he took her to the field, out of the town, and showed her the water where his boat had been overturned, and there, feeling tired, he said to her, "I am weary; so rest yourself a while, and I will lay my head in your lap and go to sleep." He did so, and the Queen waited quietly till he was sound

asleep, and then she drew the ring off his finger, and carefully laid his head on the ground. Thereupon she took her child in her arms, and wished herself back in her kingdom. When, then, the King awoke, he found himself all alone, his wife and child gone, and the ring from his finger too. "Home to your parents," said he to himself, "you cannot go; they will say you are a magician; so you must travel about till you come again to your kingdom." With these thoughts he took courage, and by and by came to a mountain, before which three giants stood, and contended with each other, because they knew not how to share their paternal inheritance. As soon as they saw the young man passing by, they called to him, and said, "Come! little men have often wise heads: you shall divide our patrimony."

Now, this inheritance consisted, firstly, of a sword, which if one took into his hand, and said, "Heads off all round, but not mine!" instantly every head near lay on the ground; secondly, of a cloak which rendered its wearer invisible; and, thirdly, of a pair of boots which were capable of taking their wearer wherever he wished. The

youth, therefore, said, "Give me these three things, that I may prove them whether they are in good order or not." So they gave him the cloak, and as soon as he put it on he became invisible in the form of a fly. He soon took his old form again, and said, "The cloak is good : now give me the sword." "O, no!" said the giants, "We do not give you that ; for if you should say, ' Heads off all round, but not mine ! ' all our heads would fall off, and you alone would have one." Still, they gave it him on condition that he should prove it on a tree. This he did, and the sword cut the trunk in two as if it were a straw. Then he wished to have the boots, but the giants said, "No, we do not give them away ; for, if you should pull them on, and wish yourself on the summit of this mountain, we may stand here without anything !" But the youth said he would not do that, and so they gave him the boots : and, as he now had all three things, he thought of nothing but his wife and child ; and he said, " Ah ! were I upon the Golden Mountain !" Immediately he disappeared from the sight of the giants, and thus divided their inheritance. As he came near his castle he heard great rejoicings, and

the notes of flutes and fiddles, and the people told him that his consort was about to celebrate her wedding with another husband. This put him in a passion, and he exclaimed, "The false wretch! she has deceived and left me while I slept!" Then he put on the cloak, and rendered himself invisible while he entered the castle, and in the hall he saw a large table spread out with costly delicacies, and guests eating and drinking, singing and laughing. In the middle sat the Queen, dressed in royal clothes, upon a magnificent throne, with a crown upon her head. The true King placed himself behind her; but nobody saw him; and when they placed meat upon her plate, he took it up and ate it himself; and each glass of wine which was handed to her he drank out, and so it went on: neither plate nor glass stayed in its place, each one disappeared in a moment. This disturbed the Queen very much, and put her to shame, so that at length she got up, and went to her own chamber to weep; but here also he followed her. There she called out, "Is this the Devil who persecutes me? or did my deliverer never come?" At these words he struck her on the cheek, and cried, "Did

thy deliverer never come? He is beside thee, thou traitress! Have I deserved this of thee?" Then he rendered himself visible again, and, going into the hall; he cried, "The wedding is over! the true King is come!" Then the kings, princes, and councillors, who were assembled, mocked him and jeered him; but he gave them short answers, and asked, "Will you be off or not?" Then they tried to catch and imprison him; but he drew his sword, and said, "Heads off all round, but not mine!" So all their heads rolled down the hill, and he was left master alone, and became once more King of the Golden Mountain.

THE END.

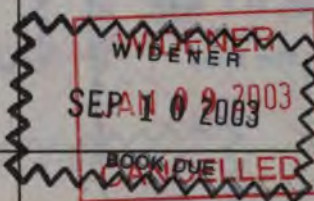
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